CALENDAR

## AROUND THE GALLERIES

## Explicit works sure to raise eyebrows

Tracey Emin has a great reputation for being bad. She's made an installation out of her sex-soiled, unmade bed and stitched the names of every person she's slept with onto the walls of a tent. In the process she's won the Turner Prize, had solo shows in major venues around the world and represented Britain this year at the Venice Biennale.

Until now, Californians have largely had to settle for hearing [See Galleries, Page E27]

[Galleries, from Page E26] about Emin's exploits rather than witnessing them. But if her current show at Gagosian is any indication, art world chatter about the London-based artist is more satisfying and provocative than actually experiencing her work.

Emin's most notorious efforts deliver too much information, and a handful of the 60-plus works here suffer from a similar crude explicitness, in their unprintable titles even more than in their imagery. She is after the kind of agonizing honesty that Egon Schiele achieved, over and over again. Instead, though, Emin comes off as merely vulnerable and needy but unable to shed her tough-girl facade.

Her work, whether painted on canvas, embroidered on cotton or emblazoned across a wall in neon, feels stunted at an adolescent phase of inarticulate yearning, flaunting and flailing. Emin's intensity and energy are abundant, impressive even, but only a small segment of her work is memorable.

Her monoprints, especially a suite of small scrappy pages from 1994 (everything else in the show dates from 2006-07), cut the deepest, into the most private territory of childhood memory. Scarring the paper, Emin's nervous lines describe family relations, personal fantasies and torments. Such rawness shines amid the rest of Emin's overwrought output.

Gagosian Gallery, 456 N. Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, (310) 271-9400, through Dec. 22. Closed Sundays and Mondays. www.gagosian.com